

# I See Fire

by RedPoople

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Summary: Hiccup's life was miserable as hell, everyone keeps on calling him 'Useless' and his father seems to agree but It all changed when Hiccup locked himself in his house and a Monstrous Nightmare crashed his house and started to burn down everything. In his surprise, He was still alive but what surprise him most was that his body was on fire. He soon learns that he has a gift of fire

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Hi! Thanks for clicking my story xD\*\***

**\*\*This story began when I was wondering what would happen if Hiccup just snapped, With everyone bullying him and insulting him and his Father's disapproval of his failures. How would whole movie change just because of this? I then needed a big impact for Hiccup that would underestimate everyone.\*\***

**\*\*I thought of making him more superior in combating but I thought if Stoick wanted Hiccup to be a strong Viking and independent in fighting. Why isn't he? Like if he was giving it all for Hiccup in the movie. He would be probably big as Snotlout or Fishlegs and was trained like Astrid. He was chief after all. He could like do a lot of stuff so I guess Hiccup wasn't really good for a reason and that's because he was born to be clumsy and incapable in fighting also inherited his mother's body and if I did made him more vikingly, He would probably succeeded in killing Toothless and it would lose the whole point of the story.\*\***

**\*\*The title is based on the same name by Ed Sheeran. It might give you clues on what might happen so You better hear it ;)\*\***

**\*\*Summary:\*\***

**\*\*Hiccup's life was miserable as hell, everyone keeps on calling him**

'Useless' and his father seems to agree but It all changed when Hiccup locked himself in his house and a Monstrous Nightmare crashed his house and started to burn down everything. In his surprise, He was still alive but what surprise him most was that his body was on fire. He soon learns that he has a gift of fire.\*\*

\*\*UPDATE: It's now beta'd by toothlessgolfer. :)\*\*

\*\*Also I obviously don't own "How to train a dragon" the movie franchise and the book series\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Prologue<strong>  
><em><strong>True flames were made<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>Valka, wife of Stoick the Vast, stood on the blazing island of Berk. At the moment she was too stunned to do anything as she hopelessly watched the war and violence between the Vikings and dragons. Houses were being burned down by dragons while Vikings brandished their well-made weapons at the fire-breathing beasts. Sooner or later, both sides would be losing lives.<p>

As the wife of the chieftain, all she wanted was peace and a safe environment for the future of her tribe and especially her son Hiccup. Everyone hoped he would become a great successor to his father. She had prayed to the gods that he would take after his father because if he takes after her, oh how everyone would be shocked.

She was different from other Vikings. In fact, she felt as if she wasn't even considered to be one. She was tired of fighting, wars, blood, and weapons. She didn't even have the normal body structure of a Viking woman; she was slim and thin. Some members of the tribe wondered why Stoick even married her. She was too innocent and too kind to be a model Viking.

She was incredibly useless during the frequent dragon raids, but she wouldn't standby in the background while lives were at stake.  
>She had recently come up with a solution for this never-ending war, but she knew that it would be a very unpopular solution. She thought that if the Vikings stopped attacking and tried to tame these beasts it would end this ancient feud.<p>

But no, they didn't even consider her idea. The war council practically shouted at her for her foolishness and they said that they thought it was the most ridiculous and childish thing ever. Worst though, even her husband agreed with them. Oh, how shamed she had been by those reactions. After that incident she kept trying to find a way to stop this nonsense which she thought would be the end of both sides.

As soon as her mind was about start thinking of ideas she was disturbed by the roar of a Monstrous Nightmare about to fall to the ground because it was caught in a trap. She was then pushed aside by a Viking warrior.

"Valka! You shouldn't be standing in the middle of the battlefield!"

He shouted at her as he came closer to the trapped dragon. He lifted his axe to behead the dragon but her instinct tingled and she stopped him before it happened.

"STOP! You're only making it worse" she said as she blocked his way to the dragon. She heard him growl in annoyance at her as he left. He knew that if he ever lay a finger on her, he would be sought out by Stoick the Vast.

She lifted the net to release the dragon and the Monstrous Nightmare sprang up and flew to the sky without even looking back at her. She sighed and looked around but just then she noticed the torso of a dragon entering her house. Oh, Hiccup!

She quickly rushed to the house without calling for any help, not even Stoick. She reached the broken entrance and slipped inside. She grabbed the sword which was hanging on the wall in case of emergency.

As she was rushing in to protect her baby, she saw the most extraordinary thing. Hiccup was unharmed by the dragon but what shocked her the most was that he had embers of fire dancing and sparking in his fingers as the dragon stared at it admiringly. The dragon started to dangle his claw in front of Hiccup who giggled in response. It had somehow heard her and accidentally scratched Hiccup's face as it turned to face her.

Valka was soon stopped by the dragon's intelligent and gentle gaze as it looked deeply in her eyes. This wasn't vicious beast! This proved her belief that there could be peace! Why couldn't the other Vikings see this side of a dragon? Their moment was soon destroyed by the sound of Stoick's battle cry as he came in. In response, the dragon made to defend itself and showered him with his flames causing the entire house to catch on fire. Luckily, Stoick had a shield to protect himself.

It was almost too much for her mind to handle: she just saw her son playing with fire, a dragon whose behavior was proof that the rest of the Vikings were wrong to think dragons are monsters, and now Stoick came on to the scene to fight the same dragon.

"Valka! Get out of the house!" Stoick shouted as he held his shield. Smoke was blocking his sight and he couldn't see either Valka or Hiccup. He was only told by Gobber that Valka and Hiccup were trapped inside the burning house.

"NO!"} Valka shouted to the dragon as she came back to her senses and grabbed at its body making it turn to face her again. Just then the dragon looked innocent of any wrongdoing to her.

Stoick, who heard Valka's shout, was about to follow the sound but he had finally found the cradle where Hiccup was crying.

"Hold on!" Stoick yelled as he carried Hiccup out of the house. She glanced to see them gone and safe.

She turned to face the dragon who looked up in the sky in distress. She looked up to see the dragons leaving in a rush of defeat.

The next thing she knew was that she was up in the sky being carried

off by the same dragon who broke into her house and seemingly awakened Hiccup's power. She was too lost to form a proper reaction. Was she wrong all this time? This dragon was just too cunning for her. She was fooled to believe that dragons are harmless because look at her now! She was about to die, probably by being eaten by the dragons.

Meanwhile, on the ground Stoick had given Hiccup to Gobber who couldn't see the particular house as smoke spread all over. Stoick rushed quickly to save his wife; he had to find his way back to the house through the smoke and fires. He was already panicking because he almost lost Hiccup and he doesn't want to lose Valka as well but her fate became clear to him when he heard the sound of the house crashing.

CRASH!

"Valka!" Valka heard Stoick shout frantically. She looked down to see her husband facing their burning house. He probably thought that she got trapped by the fire and was killed by the weight of the house or by the dragon.

"Stoick!" she cried but she was too late; her abductor's flying speed was too fast and she was too far away for him to hear her call. This was probably her last time to see her home, Berk. How would the war continue to ravage her beautiful home? How many more people will die in future dragon raids. Who would solve this problem?

What would happen to Hiccup? Her son would be growing up without her. She wouldn't see him being crowned chief or get married. She wouldn't see her grandchildren. And there was also his power of fire which let him touch fire without being burned. How did he do that? Was he magical perhaps? How would the tribe react to his powers? He could be accused of witchcraft and he could be exiled or, worse, killed. She prayed to the gods that they will watch over him.

And there is Stoick, her husband. How would he take care of their son? He could hardly lay him down asleep without waking him up. How would Stoick react to Hiccup's power? Hiccup's powers could cause a fire in his sleep and Stoick, being the chief, would have to do something after discovering it. He'll have to decide between his son and his tribe.

This all happened because she was too weak to kill a dragon. Because she was too stubborn and prideful to accept that dragons are indeed monsters.

And so, Valka was carried off into the unknown and was unable to do nothing but wonder about her family's future.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So that's the <em>Prologue. <em>I hope you like it, Sorry if there are some errors. I still haven't found a beta. If anyone of you can suggest someone. Please inform me xD :)</strong></p>

\*\*The Title of the prologue talks about the first sign of the power Hiccup had showed.\*\*

Next Up:

>Six years have passed and we'll see what happened to Stoick and our curious Hiccup also coming up is the Nightmare-Hiccup scene which was in the description<p>

**\*\*You're welcome to speak your mind in the reviews\*\***

## 2. Chapter 1

**\*\*Hey Guys! I was so overwhelmed by all your reviews, I'm seriously thankful :)\*\***

**\*\*I also want to graciously thank toothlessgolfer for beta-ing this chapter, this chapter wouldn't be the same without you :D\*\***

**\*\*I don't own 'How to train your dragons', the Movie franchise, the TV series or Book series\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter One:<strong>

><em><strong>Will-o'-the-wisp guides his fate<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>After One Year<strong>

Almost 12 months had passed since their house was burned down and Valka died in the fire. Stoick was devastated by her death and he had left his son, Hiccup with Gobber. For months he hadn't bothered to visit him. No one knew where he went but they all knew he was mourning. Hiccup was restless and cried night after night, wishing for his mother's lullaby. Elder Gothi had proposed that it was his way of mourning.

The role of Chief was temporarily given to Spitelout who accepted without hesitation not out of desire for power or greed but for the sake of his cousin. Spitelout was at first offended that Hiccup wasn't given to him. He was his uncle after all. He had a right to take care of him and there also was his wife, Brenna, who had vowed to protect and love Hiccup if ever Valka died when he was born. But all his anger vanished when he learned he was assigned to lead Berk while Stoick mourns.

Spitelout and his wife had been saddened by fate of Valka and soon got worried for Stoick and Hiccup. They couldn't imagine what would happened to their son, Snotlout, if either of them died but they knew that Stoick and Valka would have taken him in and considered him as their own. The best they could for now is take care of the tribe.

Stoick, on the other hand, was lost and mystified. He didn't know what to do with his life. He had once considered that he would probably die first for he was not only Viking but a Chief of a Viking tribe. He would probably die in battle with dragons or with their rival tribes but he never thought that Valka would pass before him.

She didn't join on quests or battles, she only took care of

villagers' children (including Hiccup) while their parents were off at war and would help the tribe make agricultural decisions. He thought she would never risk her life but after that night he regretted thinking that.

He had underestimated her. Valka was indeed a Viking. She had sacrificed her life for Hiccup, for their son. He never knew what really happened that night. People who were close by didn't seem to notice anything until they heard a baby's cry. He only knew that their house got caught on fire. He had proposed that a dragon, a Hideous Zippelback, caused the fire because the flames were bigger and had spread quickly.

As winter was determined to start, Gobber had decided to confront his best friend. He had left Hiccup to the care of his Aunt Brenna.

Gobber started his search in woods where he last saw Stoick who looked ill and lost at that time. After a while he remembered a cottage in woods to which couples would sneak out to or where newly wedded couples had their honeymoon. He was then determined to find him.

Gobber was right and found him in the small cottage. He pulled the door opened to see that Stoick was sitting looking out the window and didn't seem to care that he was here. He sat and started telling him stories about Hiccup's development not minding that the chief wasn't even answering him. He knew that Stoick was listening.

He had also informed him of the activity of other tribes and stressed how he was missing a lot of memorable moments in Hiccup's life.

Stoick was interestingly listening to his companion's tales of his son but didn't let himself show it. He had learned that his son started to walk and tried to mutter some words. But what had caused him to return home to his son was Gobber's statement, "You should know that Hiccup has lost Valka as well, she was his mother after all and right now he needs his father. He needs you, Stoick. We need you." After saying this Gobber left to return to the village.

Stoick knew that his best friend was right and it was time for him to return for Hiccup, his son who he neglected for almost a year. How would Valka react to that? She would have a fit and probably divorce him! He didn't realize how cowardly he was behaving until now. Abandoning his own son! What would his own father say? He would probably have exiled him for that. His father had successfully given him a perfect childhood. He had never neglected him on purpose and he has been strong for him. He realized that he needs make it up for Hiccup; he has to return.

\* \* \*

><p>When Gobber arrived back at the village the tribe gazed at him in the hope that he had finally brought their chief back. All he did was shake his head. He as well thought he would finally bring sense to Stoick but he guessed that he was losing his touch. Stoick seemed too distant for him to reach.<p>

Hiccup would be growing up without his mother and possibly also

without his father. He'll never forgive his best friend if he never returns to take care of his son. But this will not stop him from loving Hiccup. If Stoick would not be a father to Hiccup, then Gobber would fill that role. Hiccup has already considered him as his father since he is the only male figure in his life.

His thoughts drifted away and soon he found himself in front of the Jorgenson's residence. He knocked on the door lightly and the door soon opened to reveal Brenna with her son, Snotlout, crying in her arms. She was commonly known as Big-Boobied Brenna. People had said her breasts had killed before and smaller animals had suffered in their depths. Gobber remembered that Spitelout pursued her not because of the size of her breasts but how she used them to kill a Terrible Terror.

"Oh thank goodness, it seems that Hiccup is about wake up and I was afraid I would handle two crying babies" Spitelout's wife replied in relief. "Is he with you?" She asked quietly while looking for the chief.

"No, Stoick is still as stubborn as always" Gobber uttered in sadness.

"Oh well, come inside" She sighed before she opened the door wider. Gobber followed her to where Hiccup was resting.

Gobber carefully lifted Hiccup from his cradle and said farewell to Brenna before carrying Hiccup off to his house without disturbing him.

In his house, Hiccup woke up in a joyful mood. For months, Hiccup was more grumpy than happy; always crying and too stubborn to eat.

"Oh, hello there Hiccup" Gobber smiled to Hiccup who gurgled in response. As he was about to play with him, a knock was heard from their door. He opened the door with Hiccup firmly in his arms to see Stoick who looked like himself before Valka passed away. Villagers were forming a small crowd as they look curiously at their returned chief.

"Stoick, you're back" Gobber breathed out without realizing it.

"Yes, I have returned for my son" he announced proudly.

Just then Hiccup said his first word; a word he kept on hearing from Gobber and from his Uncle and Aunt.

"Stoick!" Hiccup lisped followed by a gurgle and giggles. Stoick's eyes brightened and Gobber gasped. The crowd nearby who were listening laughed lightly.

"Hello Hiccup, your dad is home." He grinned as the blacksmith gave Hiccup to his father. "I'm sorry for leaving you but I'll make it up to you, I promise" he added solemnly as Hiccup cooed in delight.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>5 Years Later<strong>

It had been a happy and merry life for the three of them. The father and son had lived in the newly built house in same lot where Valka had died. Stoick had been a good father and had spoiled Hiccup for the following years. And thankfully Hiccup grew up to be good kid; Gobber had thought he'd be stuck-up like his cousin but was later proved wrong.

Stoick had been a better chief after returning home. He had planned and made a lot of new changes. He assigned a few people, mostly teenagers, to put out fires when dragon raids happen in order to spare others the same fate as Valka. Everyone had been contented with their chief's improvement and Gobber in particular couldn't help but be proud of him.

Gobber helped out Stoick by taking care of Hiccup when he was just too busy with his chief duties and had enough on his plate. Initially, it only rarely happened but as time went on Stoick got busier and Hiccup became more dependent on the blacksmith than on his own father. Stoick sometimes became jealous of him. Once, he even told Gobber to leave them because he was ruining their 'father-son bonding'. He didn't comment at all because he knew that Stoick was trying his best to become a great father.

Hiccup, however, had been an unusual kid. He was little...well littler than the other kids. Stoick and Gobber had tried to butter him up with different kinds of foods but he never seem to grow. He probably got it from his mother. Not only was his body different, but he also never got along with the other children.

All the other kids talked about fighting and killing dragons but Hiccup always talked about inventions and other stuff. Stoick would always throw a glare at Gobber and corrected Hiccup by saying "You'll be the strongest Viking ever" or "When you grow up, you'll kill hundreds of dragons.". Gobber had always been disappointed when Stoick does that but he knew that he doesn't have a say in the matter.

After a while Gobber told Stoick that he would take Hiccup as his apprentice. The chief didn't take it lightly but finally agreed when he convinced him that Hiccup will be safe with him during dragon raids.

The tribe had also been gossiping about the heir of chieftainship. They would say that Hiccup doesn't seem to be the type to lead, that Hiccup might not be promising as they thought he would be, and that he hadn't shown signs of becoming as strong as his father. Gobber frequently became indignant on Hiccup's behalf. He knew that Hiccup would be something great; he could feel it. After all, Goethi must have named him 'Hiccup the Promising' for a reason.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>After 4 years<strong>

As Hiccup grew up to a clever and compassionate boy, Stoick got more occupied with finding the dragons' nest. He was unaware that he was neglecting his job as a father.

Hiccup had always tried his best to make his father proud when he was around but all of his attempts are either ignored, turned down, or



failures. Sometimes people even got hurt by his attempts; even Astrid was hurt by one of his plans.

It had become a habit for almost everyone in the tribe to ridicule him for being useless and worthless and to say that he will never go anywhere in the future; that he was just a joke.

The kids who are his age keep on bullying and teasing him. Snotlout and the Twins will call him 'Hiccup the Useless' and tease him about his failed attempts to make his father proud. Fishlegs seems friendly but Hiccup could tell that he doesn't want to be involved with him. Astrid just ignored him all the time but ever since his invention had malfunctioned and almost cost her life, she would either give him a glare or a look of disdain.

Essentially, everyone dislikes him but he never let this go to his head. He knows they're wrong, he's not useless. He'll show them. He'll kill a dragon and lead Berk to victory. In fact, he'll kill the most dangerous beast ever.

The Nightfury

\* \* \*

><p><strong>3 Years Later<strong>  
><strong>Present Time<strong>  
><em><br>\_\_Now starting with Hiccup's POV\_

Maybe they were all right, maybe I am really worthless and useless. Everything I do just causes some harm to everyone and I'm only humiliating Dad as his heir and Gobber as his apprentice. Maybe this was my fate - to be killed by a Monstrous Nightmare. No one had even had time to help me. How worthless am I?

The Beast looked at me like a hawk, waiting for any movement from me. I didn't dare to move but I accepted my fate. They'll probably write on my grave;

**\*\*Hiccup the Useless\*\***

**\*\*Cause of Death:\*\***  
><strong>Too worthless to be saved<strong>

But who cares? If I'm going to die, let it be.

Creak!

I heard the sound loud and clear. Since I didn't make the noise it must have been that the dragon had made its move. It opened its mouth widely at me while making a large hiss, signaling that it was about to fire but I didn't move anyway.

Blaaaast!

It let out its fire burst to me and I felt my hands going numb and my body shivering for some reason. I did my best to stand as the blaze engulfed me. Goosebumps were starting to form and the hairs on my arms were standing from too much heat. I didn't realize that the inferno stopped until I open my eyes to see I'm alive. I'm alive! I would have cheered if I hadn't intended to die.

I looked at the Nightmare who was contemplating me with the same interest. I glanced down to myself to see fire, still lit on my body. What was most surprising was that my body had no burns or scars besides the one I got from sharpening weapons.

In that moment, I feel alive for the first time. My body is literally on fire and it feels good for no reason. My blood was rushing from the energy that I didn't know I had all along.

I didn't know what to do, I was too surprised myself

But I know one thing.

If I was heaps of ashes before, now I'm a sea of flames

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Good News: This Chapter is quite long? xD<strong>

**Bad News:** I had to cut the Nightmare-Hiccup Scene short.

**Notes:**

**If ever you are confused, \*\*\*\*The Prologue happened 3 months after Hiccup's birth and t\*\*\*\*he story will start 1 year before 'How to train your a Dragon Movie' happened. So Hiccup is 13 years old in the present time\*\***

**I created OC named Brenna who's the wife of Spitelout and mother of Snotlout. \*\*\*\*I wanted Hiccup to have a mother figure in his life so I made her. \*\*\*\*She is based on Big-Boobied Bertha in the books. She's considered as \*\*\*\*his Godmother while Gobber is his Godfather\*\***

**Stoick and Spitelout are cousins making Hiccup and Snotlout, second cousins.\*\***

**The Title of the chapter is reference to\*\* \*\*Brave. \_\*\*Will-o'-the-wisp can lead you one to their fate and destiny\*\*\_\*\***

Next Up:

>You'll get to see the whole scene including what caused Hiccup to locked himself and other surprises ;)<p>

\_\*\*Please give me your opinions in the reviews :)\*\*\_

### 3. Chapter 2

**Reply to Reviews:**  
><strong>

**Rayne Arianna Maranochi: Love Interest - For now, it's only Astrid but there's possibilities that there will other love interests besides her. About Meeting Valka, I have planned it to be the same time when HTTYD2. His dragon will still be Toothless :)\*\***

**\*\*Kitty art: This is a fanfiction, I have made little changes to make my story fit in the whole movies.\*\***

**\*\*For the Age of Hiccup, He was 15 in HTTYD1 but I change it because I needed more time before it goes HTTYD2\*\***

**\*\*Everyone: Thank you for reviewing!\*\***

**\*\*I hope all of you are alright with the long wait for the chapter two. I wanted it to be much longer :)\*\***

**\*\*A shout to my beta, toothlessgolfer! Thank you for beta-ing :D\*\***

**\*\*Note: I don't own anything besides Aunt Brenna (I think) \*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><strong>Chapter Two<strong>  
><em><strong>I lighted like a flare<strong>\_

**\* \* \***

><p><em>It let out its fire burst to me and I felt my hands going numb and my body shivering for some reason. I did my best to stand as the blaze engulfed me. Goosebumps were starting to form and the hairs on my arms were standing from too much heat. I didn't realize that the inferno stopped until I open my eyes to see I'm alive. I'm alive! I would have cheered if I hadn't intended to die.<em>

\_I looked at the Nightmare who was contemplating me with the same interest. I glanced down to myself to see fire, still lit on my body. What was most surprising was that my body had no burns or scars besides the one I got from sharpening weapons.\_

\_In that moment, I feel alive for the first time. My body is literally on fire and it feels good for no reason. My blood was rushing from the energy that I didn't know I had all along.\_

\_I didn't know what to do, I was too surprised myself\_

\_But I know one thing.\_

\_If I was heaps of ashes before, now I'm a sea of flames\_

**\*\*11 hours ago...\*\***

It was an ordinary day on Berk. Dad isn't here because he had volunteered to go on a quest to find the dragon nest. It has been a long time since I cared whether he was here or not. You should know that my Dad is Stoick the Vast, Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes, I do.

He's always busy and always out on quests but before he leaves he'd tell me to keep out of trouble. What a great dad. I didn't know if he was warning me or was just annoyed.

Ever since he started getting busy, I tried to gain his attention and approval. I would do weird things and try to do what he wants me to

do. For example, practicing with weapons, but I quickly learned that I couldn't lift any of them up. So I would build inventions since that's the only good thing I was good at but it always end up bad.

Whenever an idea would pop into my head I would write down my plans in my notebook. All the measurements were correct but they never work.

After bathing, I did some of my chores such as cleaning my room and organizing everything in the house. This would take a lot of time since our house is always messy with either weapons or papers. I made myself breakfast, bread and fish, to regain some energy. I usually wasn't fond of eating but today I had more of an appetite than usual.

I left the house and headed to the armory. I had been the apprentice of Gobber, the tribe's blacksmith, since I was small...well smaller. Dad wanted me to be safe from Dragon Raids and I was never able to carry a weapon so I got left in his care. He was Dad's best friend and has been my guardian and father-figure when my Dad isn't around.

Gobber had told me that Mom died, 3 months after I was born. No one knew what really caused her death but everyone speculated that she got trapped inside our house when it burned down. Dad had only saved me and the house was already reduced to ash when he came back to rescue her. I kind of felt guilty for that but Gobber always assured me that Mom wouldn't forgive Dad if he had saved her first. He was the only one who had treated me like a real person but it was never enough for me to think I'm normal.

Though Gobber gladly accepted me, for which I was grateful, everyone else avoids me like the plague and can't stand being around me. Those that do only do so because they wanted to throw insults at me. So yeah, that's a quick summary of my popularity.

As I walked timidly to the pathway people started to look at me in disgust. I dropped my head to avoid any of their faces and hid my face as well but it was too late. My cousin Snotlout and the Twins had already spotted me.

Tuffnut and Ruffnut were the main troublemakers on the island. They cause more trouble than I do, the only the difference between the Twins and I was that they intended to cause chaos while I didn't. People tend to even forgive them but they don't give me the same courtesy. I never knew why they don't.

"Look! It's Hiccup" I heard as Ruffnut pointed to me, followed by few snarky laughs from the two boys.

"Hey Useless" Snotlout snickered.

"Hello guys" I groaned. There's only one thing he and I agreed on and that is to never remind anyone that we were related. I don't want to associate with a prick while he doesn't want to be related to a failure so it was a win-win situation. I couldn't still believe Snotlout and I are related by blood. It was easy to pretend that we aren't because we don't even look alike.

"So, what are you up to? Going to build a rodent?" he teased while Tuffnut was trying to hold his laughter as if it was the funniest joke ever.

"It's called a robot and no, I'm not" I corrected him as I was reminded of my old failed invention. I hurried to get to Gobber but was stopped midway.

"You're not getting away that easy" my obnoxious cousin protested. He pulled me back making me trip a step; it took a lot for me to prevent myself from falling.

"That's right, shorty" Ruffnut added as she stepped closer to me. Her face was near enough for me to see the acne which was scattered all over her forehead. If I looked closer I could still see food stuck in between her yellow-stained teeth.

"What're you looking at?" she sneered at me. "Is there a problem with my face" she asked her twin who started laughing.

"Yeah \*laugh\* A LOT!"

>He and Snotlout bellowed with laughter, I would have joined them but I had to stop myself.<p>

Ruffnut smacked the back of his head "Take that back!" she shouted. Snotlout had already stopped laughing and was already looking bored.

With insult after insult the twins fell to the ground and started to have a wrestling match. Snotlout began fuming at both dunderheads as they started to quarrel and I snuck away successfully.

"Hey! Where did he go?" I heard Tuffnut shout in outrage.

I quickly ran to Gobber's armory while bumping into people in the village.

>When I reached the door I was slammed to the ground by someone who was calling for the Blacksmith. I shook my head and combed all the dirt from my hair.<p>

"Hello?! I need my weapons sharpened" he said as he banged his hand on the door without realizing I was there.

"Uhh? Can someone give me a hand?" I called out to get him to notice my presence. He looked around with a terrified face until he saw me in the bushes. He had a typical Viking body - a large body, big arms, and long beard. A bag of weapons in his arms.

"Oh! It's just you Hiccup" he drawled plainly. He ignored me instantly and I felt a pulse of anger. He didn't even help me up.

"Yeah. It's just me" I whispered. I walked to him and slipped past him. I could feel him throwing darts at me, but this wasn't his first time. I remember that one of my inventions had accidentally destroyed his house and ever since then he had held a grudge against me.

"Gobber! Wake Up! We got a customer" I shouted through the door. I heard his groan of annoyance and his peg leg stomping.

The door shortly opened with a sleepy Gobber who looked annoyed that he was awoken from his slumber.

"Come in" he croaked.

As soon as we entered, the Viking started to talk about what happened to his weapons and how he liked it to be sharpened. Gobber just replied with a simple 'uh huh'. I bet that he wasn't listening and planned to make me do it instead.

The moment the Viking stopped talking he glared at me and left the armory. When he was out of ear-reach, Gobber told me he would take the day off and that I was in charge. I groaned loudly to proclaim my dislike of the arrangement.

"But Gobber, I have many errands to do today. My schedule is full and kind of hectic and you should know canceling some of them might offend some of the villagers." I was lying in the hope that his sleepiness would fool him.

"As if you got a schedule!" He started to laugh like it was the biggest joke he had ever heard. I knew that my lying skills weren't that good but this was insulting.

"But-but" I whined.

"No buts, also no invention-making. Just stay put here" he instructed me. I couldn't help but groan at him. I walked around and slowly found myself in front of my cannon that I had designed; I crouched down slowly and wiped off a

It had taken me one month to build and now it was finished. The last thing I need to do now is test it.

I looked around outside from the door to check if I could sneak out with the cannon. It was peaceful and no one was in sight; Gobber would be sleeping his butt off and would not realize I'm gone until afternoon.

I pushed the cannon quietly and slowly, hoping that it will not cause any noise. When I completely pushed it out, I hurried towards the forest only to be stopped by the sight of Astrid.

Astrid was looking beautiful as always with her armor on. She was looking at the catapults that Dad ordered to be made. He had told me that when we found the dragon nest, we would use them to destroy their home just like they do to ours.

I never usually comment about Dad's cynical side for Dragons but sometimes it creeps me out.

I hid the cannon behind a house and tiptoed closer to her. When I finally reached her to tap her, Astrid turned around quickly and shoved me into the ground. My face on the dirt, I let a pathetic groaned that sounded like a sheep.

"Hiccup?" She specified as she turned my body toward her. It took me a lot of concentration to not ogle at her. We were so close that I could memorize every detail on her face. At some point she noticed

our positions and let go of my shirt so that she could stand up and brush the dirt off her skirt.

"Don't ever sneak up on me again" she warned dangerously as I was still lying down on the ground.

She then reached out her hand and I grabbed it timidly; she pulled me up so aggressively that I would have fallen again if she didn't have a strong grip on my hand.

"I'm sorry" she stated quietly and I was shocked by her sincerity so I only nodded in response.

"What are you doing out here?" she stammered. Greatâ€|back to mean Astrid.

"Ummâ€|I'm checking out the catapults" I insisted. She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment then spoke again.

"Oh. I didn't know your dad could invent?" she asked curiously. I was surprised by her question and the fact that she was talking to me; she ignores me most of the time.

"Uhh, yeah, you could say that" I replied. You see, Dad wasn't really good at designing a weapon; the end result looked like a squid.

When Dad gave it to Gobber, he was baffled either from laughter or confusion from my Dad's designs. Since I wanted to help, I told him that I would tweak it a little and promised that it will not cause trouble. He considered my request and I informed him that he should say that it was his design because I knew that people would panic if they learned it was mine.

"It's kind of fishy actually, my mom told me that the Chief wasn't really good at inventing" she eyed me with her pretty eyes. Judging from her face, she could sense that I was hiding something.

I was too shocked to answer her. To be honest, I didn't know how to answer that. I started to sweat badly; I just hoped Astrid doesn't notice.

"You know, Hiccup, you can tell me anything" she hinted, she was giving me her 'smile', the one that weakens your knees.

"Ummm" I said dumbly staring at her. I lowered down my head, avoiding her face. "I kind of designed it" I answered quietly.

"What?" she exclaimed in shock.

"I mean what do you mean?" She regarded me and edged away from the catapults like they were about to explode.

"Dad isn't really good at drawing so I helped without him knowing" I elaborated the situation again.

"Soâ€|wait! Are you saying that you made this? And it works! Why didn't you tell everyone that it was your design?" Astrid asked, emphasizing the catapults.

"Well, people don't believe in my inventions so if they knew it was

mine, they would destroy it immediately without trying it out for themselves."

After a long pause, Astrid looked at me in deep thought. I was scared she would tell everyone or hit me for tricking everyone into thinking that it was Dad's.

"That's kind of noble of you" she mused, she looked at me in her eyes. My eyes widened by her complement and it gave me hope that some people could believe in my creations. I thought of my cannon behind the house, would she be interested by it like the catapult?

"Do you want to see another one?" I asked carefully. She looked alarmed by my question.

"As long as it's safe" she cautioned. I sighed in relief and went to fetch the cannon. I pulled it out from hiding; I glanced at Astrid who was keeping an eye on the invention curiously.  
>"What does it do?" she asked, tilting her head slightly. I watched her examine the cannon.<p>

"It shoots a bola and gives you a clearer target" I explained "I couldn't throw a bola far enough to hit anything so I made this" I continued, scratching the back of my head. I felt pathetic explaining why I make this kind of invention.

She chuckled at my last explanation; she looked amused at the cannon and further looked at it.

"Why don't we try it?" she said with a glint in her eyes. I could sense that this could end badly; I haven't even tested it yet to see it actually works.

"Oh, okay" I said, laughing nervously. She pointed to a nearby sleeping Terrible Terror wrapped around the branch of the tree. I turned the cannon to face our soon-to-be-victim while Astrid picked up a couple of pebbles from the ground and twisted her body to give herself an advantage when she threw the pebbles.

She then threw the pebbles perfectly and hit the Terrible Terror's head. Its eyes opened widely, startled from the pebble. It started to flap its wings, trying to search for the suspect.

I aimed the cannon quickly and pressed the button, automatically the bola shot from the cannon and captured the small dragon. My lips stretching to a grin, I couldn't help but be happy for my accomplishment.

"Wow. It worked" Astrid said dreamily, staring at the poor Terror.

"You thought it wouldn't work?" I asked but it came out more harshly than I intended.

"No! I justâ€¦all of your inventionsâ€¦Fine. I thought it wouldn't work" she stammered in a vain attempt to defend herself.

"It's fine. I thought it wouldn't have worked as well" I sighed. Our eyes met in that moment, I felt my heart flutter while staring at her. I felt a weird a connection between us. Friendship? I



guess.

Just then I heard the conch horn blowing, signaling that the ships have arrived. Excitement and nervousness rushed through my chest as I thought of my Dad and my cannon. Also Gobber! I'm so dead.  
>Astrid looked alarmed by my body tensing; she then placed a hand on my shoulder.<p>

"You should tell your Dad about the Catapults and your cannon" she said wistfully. I would consider it, but I wouldn't want to risk this good day.

"Maybe someday" I promised to her. I thought about what would be his reaction about all of these. "You'll not tell anyone right?" I questioned her.

"Yeah, I swear but if you don't confess this to at least your father, I'll tell everyone" she warned, punching me lightly on the shoulder.

In that moment, I knew we have to say goodbye. I felt so emotional about this even though we live in the same tribe and village together; it's not every day that your crush talks to you.

"I think I have to go, my mom would be wondering why I'm not at the docks. Are you coming too?" She inquired. I was tempted to go with her but I remember about the cannon and Gobber.

"Umm. I can't. I have to go back to the armory and hide the cannon." I replied bluntly. Smooth, Hiccup.

"Oh, okay. See yo-" Astrid was cut off by the sound of Gobber's shout.

"Hiccup! Didn't I tell you that you're in charge?" he yelled as he came closer. I stood there in embarrassment while Astrid looked awkward.

"And is that one of your inventions? Get that thing out of here before I destroy it myself" he taunted. My stomach twisted as I thought of my hard work going to waste.

"It's not what you think" I defended, trying hard not to cause a scene but it was too late. Villagers started pour outside and were pointing at me.

Astrid started to look worried which made me more worried. In my nervousness, I stepped back and tried to block my cannon but ended up pressing the button, unleashing the bola from the cannon which was aiming at the Catapults. They soon started to fall one by one like dominos.

"Noo!" I shouted at the top of my lungs while Astrid who was closer to the catapults, tried to escape from the falling towers.

Astrid got hit in the leg by one of the catapults and got pinned to the ground.  
>THUMP!<p>

Large men close by rushed to her aid, pushing the fallen post from

her wounded leg. I was about to come closer and help but just then the worst thing that could have happened actually happened.

"Astrid!" I heard her mom calling. I looked back to see all the Vikings who joined the quest rushing to us. In a heartbeat, I saw my Dad who fuming with anger.

"Hiccup, what have I told you?!" Dad yelled out, stepped closer, and pulled me by the sleeve. "I only arrived and you're already causing disasters!"

"Da-" I started but was drowned out by his voice.

"I have told you to stop inventing this stuff! Look around you what you have done?!" he raised his voice.

I felt ashamed at my position. Here I was, being told off by my Dad, the Chief, in the middle of the village, in front of everyone. Humiliating.

"Dad, look, I'm sorry" I started again.

"Sorry? Your 'sorry' doesn't change anything at all. You have harmed someone's life today, Astrid's life, and for the second time!" He continued. I looked back to the said girl who was being helped to her feet by her mother and another guy. I lowered my head in shame.

"Your inventions had just caused trouble!" I felt bubbles of anger in my throat hearing this statement; they were meant to help everyone, why can't he see that?!

"It wouldn't have if you let me show you" I clarified, raising my voice. My dad looked surprised and hurt that I answered him back. More reason to be ashamed.

"You already have!" he muttered.

I considered what Astrid told me awhile. '\_You should tell your Dad about the Catapults and your cannon'. \_

"Iâ€¦I designed the catapults" I put out simply. Noise started to stop. Dad looked at me in shock and I could see that Gobber, who was standing not far from here, was looking down. I guess there's no going back now.

"What are you talking about?" he looked outraged by my confession.

"It worked right. It didn't malfunction at all." I felt myself saying. I looked behind me to see Astrid meeting my eye.

"Gobber? Is it true?" Dad looked at the blacksmith and asked.

"Aye, he designed it" Gobber replied shortly. Betrayal then flashed in my Dad's eyes and I felt sorry for him.

The crowd started murmuring quickly and loudly. I could hear some people shouting and yelling that they shouldn't trust the

catapults.

"Gobber, bring him to the armory" he pointed at me. "We're going to talk about this later." He deadpanned as I gulped. He stormed out and the crowd started to disperse.

Gobber, who looked guilty as well, came closer and placed his arm on my shoulder.

"Let's go" he said simply. More guilt poured down on me when I looked back to Astrid who was being treated by a healer.

Gobber lead me to the armory. Our stroll was silent and no one talked. It was just a normal walk with people whispering.  
>When we were at the door, I got inside quickly. I just wanted to hide from the Outside, from everything.<p>

An awkward silence was upon both of us; I broke the ice.

"I think I'm going to sharpen the weapons." I spoke timidly and Gobber grunted in response.

I looked at the bag of weapons; I guess I can't do anything but try to drown everything by working. I tried to carry the bag of weapons but ended up destroying the strap of the bag. Oops. Frustration and anger mixing together, I didn't know if I wanted to explode or just lie down and be ashamed.

"Ugh. Stupid bag" I grumbled and kicked the bag which ended hurting me instead. I fell to the ground and held my poor foot.

After an hour or two, I learned that 'working' wouldn't help me or my situation. I stared at the wooden floor and thought of ways to medicate my feelings.

I think I need a walk, a walk away from everything or at least from here. I carried myself and relied on my good foot to stand. I'll just have to finish the work later at night; I could escape from Dad's speech and stuff.

I walked slowly to Gobber's room. I knocked softly and the door opened. Gobber wasn't here and I didn't want to stay here. I then had the thought of leaving a note.

I ripped a page of paper from my notebook and wrote 'I'm going to be back', leaving my signature/name at the end of the note. I got the spare key from under the fur carpet and locked the door of the armory.

It was already lunch time and everyone was starting to rustle back to their houses. I considered going back home or to the Village Hall but I remembered the whispering and people talking about me. I lost my appetite by thinking of it.

I walked by another way to the forest, thus avoiding the path that leads to the accident. I then felt my feet throbbing.

Oh yeah. I forgot about that. I looked down to see my shoe with a little spot of blood. I guess I need to check with the healer eventually.

As I walked slowly and held on to some building structures for support, I heard my Dad's voice. I couldn't help but jump in curiosity, hurting my foot in the process. Arghhh, stupid foot and stupid bag!

I trudged closer to the voice.

"-know that he has caused a lot of damage when you were off to sea!" someone rambled to my father. I leaned over to a house close by to support my weight.

"Yes! You should have seen all the sheep wondering off into the forest! We had to assemble everyone from the council to gather them all up!" Phlegma the Fierce barked, everyone agreeing with her.  
>Oh come on! It was an accident! I didn't know it could scare off the whole flock.<p>

"Also all the buildings had to be repaired because of him!" Hoark the Haggard wailed. Such a drama queen.

"You're not considering your son's invention, are you Stoick?" someone asked softly.

"I don't know, I'll probably have Gobber adjust it" Dad slumped down.

"His inventions are really going bad. It almost killed my daughter!" someone shrieked. I realized that her daughter is Astrid, she is Astrid's mom.

"I'm very sorry for your daughter, Kara" Dad apologized.

"Didn't I tell you to kick him off the tribe?!" Mildew nagged. I didn't know whether to be scared or be mad. Mildew is a cabbage farmer and was the best dragon killer in his days. Not only was he a scary killing machine back in his day, but now he is almost an elder. People had started to say that Goethi will either appoint him with her as Elders or he will replace her when she goes to the mountains and dies.

"I had advised you to either kill him or exile him from the tribe" he reminded. Despite his ugliness, everyone still considered him a source of wisdom which I doubt he had. I waited for my Dad's reply or remark but instead I heard him sigh; I felt my face fill with shame. My dad had been suffering these insults and complains because of me and I couldn't help but question why he cares for me. Dad sighed deeply.

"You know I can't do that" he spoke in a hesitating tone. "He's my son and I love him" he continued. I felt my heart flutter with affection.

"You can have another son! With a new wife! Forget about Valka, she was just a plain woman. Look at me for example, I had 3 wives and I'm successful!" I resisted snorting but my blood was pumping for his mentioning my mother's name. He can insult me all he wants but insulting my mother is different.

"Don't you ever say anything bad about Valka! I will always love her

and I'll never replace her" Dad yelled to him in anger. I felt proud of him for sticking up for Mom.

"What are you going to do about it then? Just let him roam around in the village and terrorize everyone?" Mildew nagged, my heart pumping faster for different reasons.

"You know I have considered banishing him for the sake of the tribe" he said in a monotone voice. I couldn't believe my ears but I had to concentrate to verify if it's his voice.

"I...I have always tried my best to be the best father but he just doesn't seem to be cut to be the next chief" Dad expressed in sadness. Yup. That's him. I know that I wasn't built to be a chief and I accepted that fact glumly.

"He's not Viking material and he's just so naive with all his inventions" he continued. "You know I'm not interested in his inventions like Gobber is? He just keeps on babbling about these strange ideas he has and I always give him a smile" he let out a bitter laugh. He was just faking it all along? Here I was thinking that he believed in me when I was a child.

In that quiet moment, I felt something snap in my heart. My mind started replaying all the memories. False memories. Betrayal started to cross my face but I was again shocked by his next statement.

"I've already lost hope that he could changeâ€¦I'm just so tired of his shenanigans. I had always coped with him in his hard times but I just can't understand him. He's so different from me. It's like I'm not even related to him. It's like he's...not my son at all" he faltered. That shot me right in the heart and I couldn't feel anything at all.

"This doesn't solve-" Mildew started but was cut off.

"I'll just wait for him to leave, maybe he will feel that he's not wanted here and decided to run off" he concluded. I felt my whole body go numb. I didn't want to hear any more of this.

"Besides, I could appoint Snotlout as Chief or even Astrid" he added.

"A female? That's insulting!" Mildew exclaimed.

"Hey!" Phlegma and Kara countered, everyone started to howl in laughter.

"Okay, Fine. I'll make an exception" Mildew sniffed which only made the whole group laugh louder.

I heard Dad and the other Vikings' voices going silent, alerting me that they already left. I let out the air I was holding in, then it hit me hard. Everything in my whole life was a lie, was just a deception. All this time, my Father was just pitying me and lying to me.

I felt my world crumble as I distinctly remembered his last words regarding about me.

>"Like he's...not my son."<p>

Tears started to form in my eyes but I wiped them harshly hoping to prevent them.

>Uncle Spitelout had told me that crying or weeping is only acceptable when someone had fallen. To cry because one has lost hope in a situation is a sign of cowardice. A bitter laugh came out of my lips as I thought I'm actually a coward; too afraid to accept that I'm just...a nobody.<p>

I had been hiding behind my Father's back but now I saw that my own Father didn't even believe in me at all. He had resigned himself to the fact that his son will be incompetent, will be useless.

After learning about their secret, I started to think back on all the times when Dad and Gobber had tried to cheer me up. Was Gobber also like this? Lying behind my back and playing with my now useless life. I didn't want to believe this since I really had hoped Gobber was at least being truthful.

I remember when Snotlout started to bully me. Dad had explained to me that, "People are mean to other people because of envy." I had been shocked to learn Snotlout, one of the biggest boys, was envious of me. Why would he envy me? I was just a scrawny talking fish bone.

"...doesn't seem to be cut to be the next chief."

"...Always coped with him in his hard times but I just can't understand him."

I didn't know what to think of my Dad. I loved him not only because he was my father but also because of the sacrifices he had made for me and for all the trust he had shown in me. Now, that is all gone and wasted. He had lied in order to hide me from the truth that I was just as worthless and useless as everyone says.

The words that Dad had spoken, being sharper than the sharpest sword, had pierced my heart. What was I to do, pretend that nothing had happened? Pain had been a normal part of life for me, but with Dad's love and assurance it had not mattered. Now that protection is gone. How can I endure life now?

My body collapsed to the ground in exhaustion and I didn't mind at all.

I shed tears for my lost soul.

I decided to go home so I briskly ran down the path towards my house and ignored the pain I was feeling from my foot.

I didn't want anybody to see me in this weakened state. I couldn't see my way but I had memorized every step and turn in this village so I was able to run without bumping into anything. Some people stared at me while some just ignored me. On my way, I saw Fishlegs in the corner rambling about dragons to Astrid who looked annoyed.

I realized I had the best luck when I accidentally bumped into to my supportive cousin.

"Hey? Where are you hurrying to, Useless?" Snotlout shouted as I struggled to run but I was held down by the twins.

"He probably couldn't handle anymore how useless he is so he's considering suicide," Ruffnut exclaimed as her twin snickered. I tried to ignore her comment but I had been considering that option anyway. I then noticed Snotlout's face change weirdly, but I didn't have the chance to look at him closely since I was desperate to get away from this place. Astrid and Fishlegs were now carefully watching the scene we're making.

"Just leave me alone!" my voice cracked. I would have been embarrassed but I was too distraught by everything.

"{You're not going anywhere yet," Tuffnut retorted as he tightened his grasp on my arm.

Surprisingly, Fishlegs approached us while Astrid followed on his tail.

Fishlegs said in a surprisingly strong tone, "Just leave Hiccup alone already! This joke isn't funny anymore."

We suddenly stopped. Everybody was taken aback by what he said, even Astrid was shocked by it.

I stared at him and our eyes locked. I felt hope flutter in my chest because maybe there's still someone besides Gobber who believes in me.

"What are you going to do about it?" Tuffnut countered with Ruffnut agreeing. Snotlout still looked dazed by what the female twin had said a while ago. I wonder what's wrong with him. He had a calculating look in face which either means I'm doomed or something else.

"I'll kick all of your butts," Astrid defended, stepping in with Fishlegs. I snapped out of my trance and my eyes wander over them, they both had confident grins. I didn't know what to think or feel at the moment.

Tuffnut looked scared for the first time while Ruffnut had a look equally frightened and threatened. She had been jealous of Astrid over everything like fighting, beauty and boys—namely Snotlout who was just now realizing what's happening.

"What's going on around here?" Aunt Brenna shouted, scaring everyone. Her body jiggled as she walked to us. I saw Tuffnut gazing at her in admiration. I would have hit him but I was still lost. I just wanted to go home and lock myself away from everyone.

"Mom! What are you doing here?" Snotlout said tensely, trying his best to give her a reassuring smile.

"Don't 'Mom' me! Are you all ganging up on Hiccup again?" she roared. Her eyes displayed fury, which mostly only happens in dragons raids, wars, and battles. I felt my face redden while everyone else was trying to speak up. Astrid successfully told what happened but was drowned out by Ruffnut's false monologue about 'what really happened'. Fishlegs lost all his confidence, was opening and closing

his mouth like a fish, Tuffnut was still mesmerized, and Snotlout was as speechless as I was.

"Shut your mouths!" she silenced us as I looked around to see another crowd forming.

In the corner of my eyes I saw Dad, the last person I want to see right now. I remembered what I really planned to do so I abruptly began to run which caused everyone to begin calling out to me.

My feet were starting to hurt again but I didn't let them fail me. I didn't look back either, I just ignored all their calls. I heard Aunt coming after me but I could see Uncle Spitelout place his hand on her shoulder, probably advising that I should be left alone for a while. If that was the case, then I was really grateful that he did so.

What really broke my concentration was my Dad's calls and the sound of his armor clanging along. I still didn't look back but I was tempted to do. I then remember what I heard, what he said to the war council. I felt anger bubble in my chest while I clenched my knuckles until they went purely white. I just closed my eyes as tears threatened to slip.

Just then I crashed down to the ground. My foot was hurting and my vision was blurry, but I could still recognize that Gobber had accidentally tripped me.

"Hiccup! What's wrong?" he asked in concern, looking up and down to see what's wrong with me. He was about to kneel but I pushed myself backward to avoid his touch. All I want is to leave this confusing village! To get away from all this mess. I don't want Gobber pulled into my mess as well.

I wipe my eyes to clear my sight and I then see my Father catching up. It gave me the strength to stand up and run again. My offending foot was already searing with pain and my knees would probably be bruised by the time I get home. My body was starting to shake in exhaustion and my legs were beginning to fail me.

"Hiccup! Wait!" Gobber and Dad ironically shouted at the same. I almost wanted to laugh in response but I couldn't manage it. How much worse could this day get? Then it started to rain. Just my luck!

When I finally spotted my house on the hill, I grinned in relief. Just a few more moments and I'll be there. I continued to ignore Gobber and Dad.

I arrived at the house shortly; I practically kissed the floor of the house—well, my face landed on the floor. I had fallen in exhaustion when I unlocked the door.

I heard Dad's arrival behind me. Our little chase coming to an end, I closed my eyes and expected a shout from Dad but I received a hug instead. He lifted me and hugged me tightly; I just placed my arm lazily at his shoulder.

This moment could have been overwhelming but my breakdown a while ago was still lingering on my mind. Despite that, we sighed



simultaneously in comfort. I guess we both missed each other even though our public argument this morning.

"Hiccup!" Gobber rasped. Dad and I separated and looked back at him. "You could have told us that you wanted to play tag, " he sighed and sat down on a nearby chair.

"Hiccup, are you alright?" Dad asked softly, checking me all over and finding my bleeding foot.

"You were running away with a wounded foot?" he referred to my bloody foot loudly. He carried me to the sofa and started to further check into it.

"What happened to you? Did you try kicking a metal ball or something?" he jested, scratching his beard.

"Try a bag of weapons," I remarked.

"What?! Oh never mind, I'm going to call a healer," Gobber muttered and stood from his chair.

"Don't bother," Dad stopped him and I looked at him curiously, "I can handle this." I gulped, remembering his form of medication. It was kind of rough.

"Oh, okay," he nodded and left anyway.

I didn't make any sound as Dad examining my foot; my big toe had a broken nail and was bleeding along with the next two toes. He then left and brought back a bowl of water, a bottle, and a towel. We didn't talk at all, we just looked at each other awkwardly.

When he was done cleaning and drying it carefully, he started to pour the bottle to my foot.

I hissed in pain and shock, I heard Dad chuckle.

"You could have told me it would hurt," I pointed out.  
>"Wellâ€|you shouldn't have run off with a wounded foot then," he replied and I pouted dramatically.<p>

I gritted my teeth as he continued to do his business and started to wrap the foot with a clean cloth. I exhaled happily, knowing it was done but I realized that we were dead silent.

"I think we should talk about the purple dragon in the room," I started. Dad had the most frightened look ever and quickly glanced around for the 'purple dragon' in the room. I laughed and he glanced back at me.

"I meant we should talk about what happened a while ago," I explained when I stopped laughing.

"Ohhâ€|well I don't know what to sayâ€|" he began, clearly having a hard time with this as well.

"I'm sorry," I blurted out. A surprised look came over Dad's face, and then he grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me in another hug.

"I'm sorry too," he whispered in my ear and I muffled a reply. He put me back to my place and kneeled.

"Hiccup, look," oh noâ€¦did he change his mind? Is he going to make me leave the island already? "I love you son, and I have missed you for the past weeks," he continued. I held back my breath as I waited.

"But these inventions must stop," he lectured me. I released the breath I had been holding in. He wasn't going make me leaveâ€¦yet.

"I understand, Dad." I told him bluntly, stopping him from what he was about to say. He nodded in turn, knowing that he doesn't have to explain further.

"Can you promise me that they will stop?" he requested.

"Yes, I promise," I replied. I guess I have to keep all my promises. I then recalled all the events that happened, I just need a little time to think about and understand all of this.

As he was about to stand up, I asked "Can you please tell Gobber that I wouldn't be going to work for few days?" Dad looked up, wanting to question why.

"I think I'm not feeling well to work," I prompted.

"Okay, I will. Just get some rest, Gobber would miss your help," he noted and left me in the living room to mull over my thoughts on his confession to the Council.

Can I still trust him?

It had been two days since I came out of the house, thinking over everything that happened since that day. It had been pretty much two days of depression and sadness.

My realization of my Dad's true thoughts about me had left me uncomfortable with the thought of talking to him ever since our last talk. At least he had minded his business and gave me my space. I practically stayed in my room all the day besides toilet breaks.

The only times I would see Dad would be when he called me to a meal. I had lost all my appetite, but I forced myself to eat because I felt my body getting weaker from the lack of food.

He would looked more worried every time he sees me. Judging by it, I think I looked really tired.

Gobber visited me only once, the first day, to ask if I was going to work the next day. I just falsely told him that I wasn't feeling well. Dad came to my defense by saying that he shouldn't force me to work if I don't feel well enough.

My Aunt did try to visit but I ignored her calls and knocks on the door. I regretted it afterwards. I almost consider her as my mother since I've never met mom and we only spent 3 months together unless you also add 9 months of pregnancy. I didn't want to lose her as

well.

I spent all day lying down and thinking of that event. The scene of my Dad and the council haunted me every hour, sleep didn't help at all. I kept on dreaming of my expulsion or my death, normally by Dad killing me with different weapons or feeding me to the dragons.

My recent pages of my notebook feature maps of the island and the village and my plans on how I could escape from the village. I kept on wondering if Dad would change his mind and decide to kill me instead. I remember Mildew's nagging voice, what if he was going to call a rally to burn down my house?

All the possibilities kept playing themselves out in my head. I guess I really needed a breath of fresh air.

I also kept on thinking of how Astrid and Fishlegs had defended me several days ago. I didn't even have the chance to thank them.

It was already dark and was about time for dinner. I declined the idea of going to the village hall again and decided to lock myself in the house one more time.

"DRAGON RAID!" somebody shouted from far away. Normally when this happens, I go to the armory with Gobber, but for some reason this time I didn't move a muscle. I didn't want to go out and be my old self by hiding in the armory.

I continued to lie down on my bed and tried to ignore the noise erupting outside.  
>CRASH!<p>

The wall of my room collapsed. I quickly ran off to the safer side of the room to find out what caused this destruction.

I quickly realized that I should have gone off to the armory because there were dragons everywhere. It was like they were back for revenge. The sky was swarming with different kinds of dragons and even some that don't usually join these raids.

In that dark black night, I heard the clouds rumble with thunder and lightning. In a flash, I saw the wrecker of my room.

It was a Monstrous Nightmare.

I stood in shock and fear, I know that only the toughest Vikings can handle them and I also know that I'm not one of those tough Vikings.

>I then remembered the sword that hangs on my wall for this kinds of emergency. I stepped silently to that specific wall. Thankfully it wasn't destroyed.<p>

I felt the dragon nearby. It was so dark and I couldn't see anything, but I felt its presence. I finally succeeded at unhooking the sword from the wall and pointed it outwards, hoping to stab the dragon in the eye or the head.

I moved backwards and looked around for the dragon, but I ended up bumping into my cabinet which fell loudly. The dragon roared in offense and I held my sword tightly.

>I thought, I still have a chance to save myself, don't worry, but it wasn't really helping the situation.<p>

Just then, the dragon advanced at me and I stabbed with all my strength and will in the hope that I could hit it.

I heard a snarl and whish from the blade. I HIT IT! I almost cheered but I knew it wasn't over yet. I wanted to run away but I was cornered next to the wall of my room. I couldn't think of any plan for my next move but the dragon already did. Somehow the Nightmare had gotten hold of my sword and tossed it away. My last chance was already gone.

It continued to roar and started to blaze all over the place. I crouched down, trying to avoid the burn.

I then realized that everyone was right; I couldn't be a Viking even to save my hide. I'm pathetic and I couldn't swing a sword right to damage enough the dragon.

Maybe they were all right; maybe I am really worthless and useless. Everything I do just causes some harm to everyone and I'm only humiliating Dad as his heir and Gobber as his apprentice. Maybe this was my fate - to be killed by a Monstrous Nightmare. No one had even had time to help me. How worthless am I?

The Beast looked at me like a hawk, waiting for any movement from me. I didn't dare to move but I accepted my fate. They'll probably write on my grave;

**\*\*Hiccup the Useless\*\***

**\*\*Cause of Death:\*\***

><strong>Too worthless to be saved<strong>

But who cares? If I'm going to die, let it be.

Creak!

I heard the sound loud and clear. Since I didn't make the noise it must have been that the dragon had made its move. It opened its mouth widely at me while making a large hiss, signaling that it was about to fire but I didn't move anyway.

Blaaaast!

It let out its fire burst to me and I felt my hands going numb and my body shivering for some reason. I did my best to stand as the blaze engulfed me. Goosebumps were starting to form and the hairs on my arms were standing from too much heat. I didn't realize that the inferno stopped until I open my eyes to see I'm alive. I'm alive! I would have cheered if I hadn't intended to die.

I looked at the Nightmare who was contemplating me with the same interest. I glanced down to myself to see fire, still lit on my body. What was most surprising was that my body had no burns or scars besides the one I got from sharpening weapons.

In that moment, I feel alive for the first time. My body is literally on fire and it feels good for no reason. My blood was rushing from

the energy that I didn't know I had all along.

I didn't know what to do, I was too surprised myself

But I know one thing.

If I was heaps of ashes before, now I'm a sea of flames. The waves of fire follow my movement as I examine myself. I noticed my clothes were kind of intact with some burn marks scattered; I hoped it stays that way.

The flames covered me but the pain that I expected never came. The waves of fire followed my movement as I examined myself. I noticed my clothes were kind of intact with some burn marks scattered; I hoped it would stay that way.

The Nightmare was also examining me, I felt reluctant to share my discovery with it or him, whatever it is.

I looked back to him carefully and I could make out an undetermined look. I felt my body tense and the flames around me started to grow higher, it didn't actually help my situation but it made the dragon shocked for short time. His eyes looked back at me, signaling to me what he had decided what to do to me.

>He is going to destroy me.<p>

Whatever I am, I guess I am a danger to both humans and dragons. I'm like a freak, a combination of their nightmares and enemies in one. A human who has the power to control fire, a Monster.

He crawled quickly from the other side of the house, trying to corner me. I tried to think of some strategy to escape this battle and my demise. I scrambled away from him vaguely realizing that I was leaving fire all over the place.

I felt my hands burning up and shaking with too much raw power. Seemingly endless flames seemed to fall from my hands and coat the burning remnants of my house. I visualized the dragon now with his blazing coat of flame. He was roaring like he was panicking and confidence, a new and bizarre feeling to me, filled my mind.

My body was sparking with thorns of fire; I directed my arms to the Nightmare dragon who was already looking enthralled with my new lit flames all around him.

He then started to fire at me again but in much more incredible energy, I felt my body trying to hold on to his inferno. I shielded my eyes from the brightness with my palm, without realizing that my hand has also started to glow a blue-colored fire against his combustion.

It was like the sun was sparkling in front of us, I had to look away to protect my eyes from the brightness. Dark blue flames meeting a golden inferno, it was a glorious sight.

Soon, energy was noticeably draining out of my body. I felt everything weaken and my vision started to darken. I spared a glance to see the dragon tiring as well.

Just then, a blast came from the midst of our fighting flames and I

opened my eyes to see a defeated Monstrous Nightmare crouched down in ground. My knees were on the shards of my former house. I observed the beast in front of me and noticed that there were black and grey scorch marks on his scales?. I did that? But dragons are immune to fire; I guess not all kinds of fire.

I looked down to myself and saw that my armor of embers was already extinguished. Did that actually happened? Was it all a dream or my own imagination tricking me? Was I crazy?

I sighed deeply, loudly enough that the dragon woke up and noticed me again.

I tried to stand up and was barely able to do so but I did not have any strength with which to fight. What might be my last thoughts turned to Astrid.

Hadn't she defended me along with Fishlegs from Snotlout and the twins. Would I ever have a chance to say thank you to her? Uncle Spitelout and Aunt Brenna had stood by me in the dark, how much suffering and embarrassment did they take for me? Then there was Gobber, my first best friend and my Dad, how I disappoint him so much. No wonder he said that to the Council.

I gulped through my rough throat, there's no time for regretting and remembering them. I was about to die anyway. I closed my eyes, not wanting the last thing I see to be the dragon.

After a short moment of waiting for his move, I squinted to see that the dragon is staring at me with curiosity and wonder? When he noticed that I was staring at him as well he started to bow down and incline his head in respect.

I was stunned to see this. I never have thought that dragons could be courteous and respectful. This was truly bizarre. I felt like I wanted to drop down and sleep but for some weird reason I also wanted to get closer to him.

As I stepped closer, his torso began to tense. Was he frightened of me? I lifted my hand to reach his head and he responded quickly. I was nervous about what will happen next but I was also excited and curious.

My hand was then placed on his top of his head and he started to bob his head up and lick my hands. I released a laugh from my lips, a sound that I never thought I would hear myself make ever again. His weird and slender tongue reached my face and licked it happily.

I was both grossed out and happy that he hadn't killed me.

"Stop! Stop! Hahaha," I laughed louder and I started to scratch his back while avoiding the marks that I have left him with. Great, another regret that I should keep in mind. He started to drop to the ground when my hands scratched under his chin.

"What? Are you okay?" I panic as I remove my hand from his neck and look for wounds. He stood up quickly and licked me again. What an actor! He fooled me.

I stared at his black-orbed eyes. I realized that I have made a new

friend, a friend that never knew about my failures. Perhaps this is a new start for me? I couldn't believe my new friend was a Monstrous Nightmare.

Just a while ago, I had hoped to kill it and bring it to my Father. I wonder how he will react to learning that his son not only has a strange power of fire but also befriended a killing machine.

But it doesn't matter, I have a new friend and we can begin in a new place, we could leave this island of Vikings. This dragon has given me hope for a new life and I don't know how I could repay him for that.

I looked around to my surrounding that was now covered with mix of gas and mist. Whatever it is, it has blocked the Vikings' sight and hopefully they won't charge in despite all the burning debris of my house and the other damaged buildings.

"Hello," I acknowledged his presence and enveloped him in a hug "you should have a name." I added, removing my arms from him.

"What about Hookfang, a wicked name for a vicious and strong dragon?" I addressed to him who nodded in satisfaction at the name and the compliments.

"Well, Hookfang, this is a start of a new friendship." I announced. He looked pleased by what I said. I started to look around for things that could be salvaged from our recent fight. He seemed to understand what I'm doing and began to search as well.

With that he left and went to a different side but suddenly a gruff roar came from Hookfang. He was being held by the neck by a bloody and traumatized-looking Snotlout. He was holding the iron sword that I dropped an hour ago against the dragon's neck.

I felt panic, anxiety, and anger flare up in me.

Snotlout gripped both of his hands tighter as Hookfang roared and started to thrash around. His tail was stuck by the broken stones.

"Don't do it, Snotlout, please," I choked as my I hold my breath, my eyes were starting to get moist.

"Hiccup, I'm just trying to save you," he deadpanned. I looked at his cold eyes, identical to his father's.

"From this monster," he scoffed lifting Hookfang's head higher.

"He's not a monster, he's my friend. Please I beg of you!" I spluttered, my lips were starting to bleed from my bite. I couldn't handle to lose my friend by someone who had made my life miserable. I couldn't let that happen, I need to save Hookfang.

"I'm so sorry for everything, Hiccup," he apologize with sincerity but it was all gone the moment he thrust his sword into Hookfang's head.

"NO!" I screamed. I felt the burning feeling on my hands disappear.

The flames around us started to increase in intensity. I can still feel this pain and I doubt that I would ever forget this feeling.

I fall to my knees, staring at Hookfang's lifeless body in despair. I know that he is gone and now I'm all alone again.

"It's for the better," Snotlout advocated like it was the wisest thing he ever said. I want to crush him and burn him to ashes.

I crawled closer to Hookfang and hugged him for a short farewell. I felt my cousin's chubby hand on my shoulder. "It doesn't have to be this way," he began slowly. "That dragon had fooled you and tricked you into thinking that you were his friend," he continued as his eyes traced over Hookfang.

Disgust entered into my mind. I was not fooled or tricked by him but Snotlout was just foolish to touch me. I can't believe that he has the audacity to do that after what he did to me. This would be the last time he would hurt me again.

"I am sorry for everything," he repeated what he just said.  
>"Shut up!" I warn as I stand up.<p>

"Just listen to me. You were put in a spell! That dragon was about to kill you." he stammered as his face started to sweat, I felt the temperature heating up...

"What's happening?" he looked around to find the source of the heat.

>Something inside of me had snapped. I know because I've never felt this kind of anger before and it almost feels comforting. The same feeling of my power surges through me but it's different, I felt bitter and dead. Flames started to move wildly and my hands sparked louder, causing embers to move along my finger.<p>

"Hi-Hiccup? What are you doing?" asked Snotlout as he began to sweat and turn red. He then noticed my hands and he gasped.

"Your handsâ€¦are onâ€¦" "FIRE!" he practically shouted. He then realized that I was the source of this fire and started to back from me.

"You're a warlock?" he shivered, looking at me in disbelief. I knew I wasn't a warlock but whatever I am doesn't matter at all. I felt the fire spreading all over my body like armor.

He then tripped while stepping away. I acted on pure instinct, I waved my hand and a fire flared up at his feet. He was too slow to move and avoid it, the fire began to burn him and suspiciously locked him in place. He screams but I don't care.

"Stop! Make it stop!" he pleaded just as another flame erupted and almost struck his face.

He falls awkwardly in the ground, trying to get away from me, a monster about to kill him. It doesn't matter because we're both monsters. Like me, he deserves to die.

"PLEASE! Hi-Hiccup, make it stop!" he started to cry. Pathetic as always!



"'Begging, it suits you," I spoke darkly. I couldn't recognize my voice; a demon has probably spoken for me.

"Stop! You're my cousin, I'm your family!" he shrieked.

"You're not my family! I already lost my family!" I yelled.

"Stop! Please!" he started to sobbed and I just laughed at how pathetic he was. Was this how he feels when he mocks me for my failures? I guess it was a good feeling.

Just then, he whipped his arms towards me. I just barely noticed the large rock approaching my head but it was too late. I felt my eyes darken with the impact but I could still see the flames growing higher and higher. Snotlout's cries were the last thing I heard and I hope he had burned to hell.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>THAT WAS CHAPTER TWO! I hope you like it :)</strong></p>

Next Up:

You'll get the perspective of Astrid and Snotlout of this chapter also what happened after the fight.

\*\*Please express your thoughts in the reviews :D\*\*

End  
file.